

FINE PRINTING OF EVERY VARIETY EXECUTED
WITH DISPATCH AND AT THE MOST REASON-
ABLE RATES, SUCH AS

GOLD, SILVER, & COLORED
WORK BEAUTIFULLY EXECUTED.

Business Cards, Letter Heads, Circulars, Brochures, Booklets, Pamphlets, etc.

Books and Pamphlets,
Illustrated, Bound, and Printed, in any style or quantity.

For the execution of the work the Tribune office has
EVERY INSTRUMENT EXCELLED THE WORK
OF ALL COMPETITORS.

IN 1934 AND 1935, PREMIUM FOR BEST JOB WORK
IN THE TOWN OF TIFFIN, OHIO.

LOW AS AT ANY CITY IN OHIO.
H. F. McKEE, Proprietor.

DENTISTRY.
DR. FRANKLIN.

For a permanent location in Tiffin, Ohio, and to be prepared to
perform all operations in Dental Surgery. Distanced from
city—General health restored to health and appearance by
filling with Gold, Silver, or Rubber. Also, the use of Gold
and Silver in the most perfect manner. Also, the use of Gold
and Silver in the most perfect manner. Also, the use of Gold
and Silver in the most perfect manner.

NOTICE.
The undersigned has the agency of a half
quarter-section of land, situated near this city,
and will sell the same upon liberal terms
for cash or part cash, and the residue on time.
Tiffin, Mo., 1st Mo.

RUGGY AND CARRIAGE MAN-
UFACTURER, east of the Court House, on
Market Street.
Tiffin, Sept. 29th, 1854.

J. M. PATTERSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OFFICE, opposite Commercial Row.
Tiffin, Nov. 9th, 1855.

W. F. & H. NOBLE,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.
Office in Rogers' New Block, opposite the Court House,
Market Street.
Tiffin, Sept. 29th, 1854.

STEWART & JOHNSON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
OFFICE, in Commercial Row, over Gallop's
Jewelry Store, nearly opposite the Court House.
Professional business and the collection of all
kinds of claims promptly attended to.
Tiffin, Sept. 17th, 1854.

LEWIS H. PIRE,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, will give
prompt attention to all matters entrusted to his
care, in the line of his profession.
OFFICE, Shawhan's Block, Market Street.
Tiffin, Oct. 27th, 1854.

WILLIAM GALLUP,
CLOCK AND WATCHMAKER.
All kinds of watches kept constantly on hands
Store in Commercial Row.
Tiffin, Sept. 17th, 1854.

G. W. & E. J. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETORS OF
ROCKLAND MILLS,
And dealers in Wheat, Corn, Rye, Oats, Clover,
Timothy and Flax seeds, Flour, Corn Meal and
Mill Feed of all kinds. Also, the use of Gold
and Silver in the most perfect manner.

OFFICE at Mainst. opposite the Post Office,
Tiffin, Ohio. [may 2, 1854]

H. S. Wenner and Co.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
CARRIAGES, BUGGIES,
SULKIES, ETC.,
Tiffin, Ohio.

A fine stock of the latest styles of Buggies, etc.
is kept in the best manner and of the most durable
materials and workmanship, constantly on
hand, and promptly made to order.
H. S. WENNER & CO.
July 12, 1855.

Tiffin & Ft. Wayne Rail Road
Office at T. F. W. R. Co.,
Tiffin, Ohio.

THE Office of the Tiffin & Ft. Wayne Rail Road
is located in the Commercial Row, opposite the
Court House, Tiffin, Ohio.

T. H. HUSS & CO.
BANKERS.
MAIN ST., TIFFIN, OHIO.

WILLIAM GALLUP,
CLOCK AND WATCHMAKER.
All kinds of watches kept constantly on hands
Store in Commercial Row.
Tiffin, Sept. 17th, 1854.

R. L. GRIFFITH,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Tiffin, Ohio.
Office in Commercial Row, up stairs.
Tiffin, Nov. 30, 1854.

DR. J. McADOO,
Physician and Surgeon, Tiffin, Ohio.
Office in Commercial Row, up stairs.
Tiffin, Nov. 30, 1854.

B. F. OGLE,
Attorney at Law,
Singer's Block, opposite Court House.
Up stairs. Oct. 19, 1854.

GEORGE E. KENNY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
Tiffin, Ohio.
Office in Commercial Row, up stairs.
Tiffin, Nov. 30, 1854.

WILL give prompt attention to all business
entrusted to his care, in the line of his profession.
OFFICE, in Commercial Row, up stairs.
Tiffin, Nov. 30, 1854.

J. C. LEE,
Attorney at Law and Solicitor in
Chancery.
Office in Commercial Row, up stairs.
Tiffin, Nov. 30, 1854.

ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OFFICE Shawhan's Block, Up Stairs.
Tiffin, May, 1855.

CIGARS! CIGARS!
PUFF! PUFF! PUFF! PUFF!

WILL give prompt attention to all business
entrusted to his care, in the line of his profession.
OFFICE, in Commercial Row, up stairs.
Tiffin, Nov. 30, 1854.

WILL give prompt attention to all business
entrusted to his care, in the line of his profession.
OFFICE, in Commercial Row, up stairs.
Tiffin, Nov. 30, 1854.

WILL give prompt attention to all business
entrusted to his care, in the line of his profession.
OFFICE, in Commercial Row, up stairs.
Tiffin, Nov. 30, 1854.

WILL give prompt attention to all business
entrusted to his care, in the line of his profession.
OFFICE, in Commercial Row, up stairs.
Tiffin, Nov. 30, 1854.

WILL give prompt attention to all business
entrusted to his care, in the line of his profession.
OFFICE, in Commercial Row, up stairs.
Tiffin, Nov. 30, 1854.

WILL give prompt attention to all business
entrusted to his care, in the line of his profession.
OFFICE, in Commercial Row, up stairs.
Tiffin, Nov. 30, 1854.

WILL give prompt attention to all business
entrusted to his care, in the line of his profession.
OFFICE, in Commercial Row, up stairs.
Tiffin, Nov. 30, 1854.

WILL give prompt attention to all business
entrusted to his care, in the line of his profession.
OFFICE, in Commercial Row, up stairs.
Tiffin, Nov. 30, 1854.

WILL give prompt attention to all business
entrusted to his care, in the line of his profession.
OFFICE, in Commercial Row, up stairs.
Tiffin, Nov. 30, 1854.

WILL give prompt attention to all business
entrusted to his care, in the line of his profession.
OFFICE, in Commercial Row, up stairs.
Tiffin, Nov. 30, 1854.

WILL give prompt attention to all business
entrusted to his care, in the line of his profession.
OFFICE, in Commercial Row, up stairs.
Tiffin, Nov. 30, 1854.

THE TRIBUNE.

HOSTILE ALIKE TO THE DESPOT AND DEMAGOGUE. FEARLESS FOR TRUTH, FOR GOD, AND HUMANITY.

VOL. X,

TIFFIN, OHIO, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1857.

NO. 3.

Poetry.

Why Don't You Take the Paper

BY F. F. WILLES.

Why don't you take the paper?
They're the life of my delight;
Except about election time,
And then I read for spite.

Subscribe, you cannot lose a cent—
Why should you be afraid?
For cash thus paid is money lent
On interest, four fold paid.

Go then and take the paper,
And pay to-day nor pay delay,
And my word it is inferred,
You'll live till you are gray.

An old newspaper friend of mine,
While dying from a cough,
Desired to hear the latest news,
While he was dying off.

I took the paper, and I read
Of some new pills in force;
He bought a box—and is he dead?
No—hearty as a horse.

I knew a printer's debtor once,
Racked with a scorching fever,
Who swore to pay her debt next day,
If her distress would leave her.

Next morning she was at her work,
Directed of her pain,
But did forget to pay her debt,
Till taken down again.

"Here, Jessie, take these silver wheels,
And pay the printer now!"
She slept, and slept, and then awoke,
With health upon her brow.

I knew two men, as much alike
As ever you saw two swamps,
And as physiologists could find
A difference in their bumps.

One takes the papers, and his life
Is happier than a king's;
His children all can read and write,
And talk of men and things.

The other took no paper, and
While strolling through a wood,
A tree fell down and broke his crown,
And killed him "werry good."

Had he been reading of the news,
At home, like neighbor Jim,
I'll bet he'd not, that accident
Would not have happened him.

Why don't you take the papers?
Not from the printer's desk,
Because you know of his boy
A paper every week.

For he who takes the papers,
And pays his bills when due,
Can live in peace with God and man,
And with the printer too.

Town Making

A gentleman recently returned from the west, relates that in setting out early in the morning from the place where he had passed the night, he consulted his map of the country, and finding that a very considerable town, called Vienna, occupied a point of his road, but some 12 or 15 miles off, concluded to journey as far as that place before breakfast. Another equally extensive town, bearing as sounding a name, was laid down at a convenient distance from his afternoon stage, and there he proposed halting for the night. He continued to travel at a good round pace until the sun had risen high in the heaven, and until he computed that he had accomplished more than twice or thrice the distance he had proposed to himself in the outside. Still he saw no town before him, even of the humblest kind, much less such a magnificent one as his map prepared him to look for. At length, meeting a solitary wood-chopper emerging from the forest, he accosted him, and asked how far it was to Vienna.

"Venat!" exclaimed the man, "why, you passed it five-and-twenty miles back. Did you notice a stick of timber and a blazed tree beside the road? That was Vienna."

The dismayed traveler enquired how far it was to the other place, at which he designed passing the night.

"Why, you are right at that place now," returned the man; "it begins just on the other side of your ravine, and runs down to a clump of girdled trees, which you will see about a mile farther on the road."

"And are there no houses built?" faltered out the traveler.

"Oh, no houses whatsoever," returned the woodman; "they hewed and hauled the logs for a blacksmith's shop, but before they raised it the town lots were all disposed of in the Eastern States, and everything has been left just as you see it, ever since."

BEAUTIFUL.—Chicago Taylor discourages this of summer days. "Talk as we will of leaden-footed Springs, July comes earlier every year, and makes an angel's carry. Why have they set life's flowery Stations nearer than of old, that now they glitter by, as if the Winters were a snow-white troll, we are passing; the Summers, but leaf and vine between. What need of hurry, gentle Time, that moved so tardy to our early hopes? Oh, for an Orphan voice to whistle down the 'brakes' of gliding life, and tarry at the pleasant Summer stations as we go."

Miscellany.

Oh! the Drink!

The following word picture is an extract from the temperance lectures of John B. Gough:

There is no power on earth that can make a fiend like the power of drink.—One circumstance in my own reminiscences I will give you. I was asked by an individual to go and see the hardest case then in town. I said:

"I have no right to go and see him; he will say to me, 'who sent you to see me?' Who told you I was a drunkard? You mind your own business and I will mind mine; you wait till you are sent for." I have no right to go to him," I said.

"Well," said he, "he is a hard case; he beat a daughter of his, fourteen years of age, with a shoemaker's strap, so that she will carry the marks to the grave."

Said I, "he is a brute."

"His wife is very ill now with the fever, and the doctor says he thinks she cannot get over it; the man has not been drinking for several days, and if you can get at him now, I think you might do him good."

I thought I would go. I knocked at the door; he came to open it. He had been at one of two of our meetings. The moment he saw me he knew me.

Said he "Mr. Gough, I believe?"

"Yes, that's my name; would you be good enough to give me a glass of water, if you please?"

"So I got in. I sat on one side of the table and he on the other. There were two children in the room playing together, and a door half-way open, that led into the room where the wife was ill. I sat and talked with him on everything I could think of but the subject; I talked of trade and crops, railroads and money matters; and then I got on the public houses, and then drinking, and he headed me off again. I looked, and I thought I saw a malicious twinkle in his eye, as much as to say, 'Young man, you are not up to the business yet.' I was about to give it up, but I think providentially I saw the children.

I said to him, 'You've got two bright-looking children here, sir.'

"Oh! yes, yes, bright little things!"

Said I, 'You love your children, don't you?'

"Bless the children! to be sure I love them."

Said I, 'Wouldn't you do anything to benefit your children?'

He looked at me as if he thought something else was coming after that.

"Well, to be sure, sir," said he, "a man ought to do everything to benefit his children."

Then I stood up so that I might get out of the door as speedily as possible, and said, "Don't be angry with me; I am going to ask you a plain and simple question; you know who I am, therefore you won't be angry. Suppose you never use any more intoxicating liquor, don't you think your children would be better off?"

"Well, well," said he, "you have got me this time."

Said I, "You have got a good wife, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir, as good a woman as ever a man had for a wife."

"And you love your wife?"

"To be sure I do; it is natural that a man should love his wife."

"And you would do anything you could to please yours?"

"Well, I ought to."

"Suppose you were to sign a temperance pledge; would that please her?"

"By thunder, I rather think it would; I could not do a thing that would please my wife better than that. If I was to put my name down there, why, the old woman would be up and about her business in two weeks, sick as she is."

Said I, "then you will do it?"

"Yes, I guess I will do it." And he at once opened a closet, took out a pen and ink, and I spread out the pledge, and he wrote his name.

The children had been listening with eyes, ears and mouths wide open, while we were talking about temperance. They knew what the principles of abstinence would do for him; and when he had signed, one said to the other, "Father has signed the pledge." "Oh! my!" said the other, "now I'll go and tell my mother!" and away he ran into the other room.—But she had heard of it; and I listened to her calling, "Lukel! Lukel! come here a moment." Said he, "Come in here along with me; come in and see my wife."

I went in and stood by her bed side. The face was ghastly pale, the eyes large and sunk deep in their sockets; and with her long, thin and bony fingers she grasped my hand, and with the other took the hand of her husband, and began to tell me what a good husband she had.—"Lukel," said she, "is a kind husband and good father; he takes care of the children, and is very kind to them; but the drink! Oh! the drink makes terrible difficulty." That difficulty! God only and the crushed wife of the intemperate man know any thing about it.

over that woman and wept like a child, he gripped the bed clothes in his hands, and hid his face in them. And she laid her thin hand upon his head, and said, "Don't cry, Lukel; don't, please don't, you would not have struck me if it had not been for drink. Mr. Gough, don't believe him; he is as good a man as ever lived? Don't cry, Lukel!"

Praise Your Wife.

Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake give her a little encouragement—it won't hurt her. She has made your home comfortable, your hearth bright and shining, your food agreeable—for pity's sake tell her you thank her, if nothing more. She don't expect it; it will make her eyes open wider than they have for these ten years; but it will do her good, and you too.

There are many women thirsting to-day for the word of praise, the language of encouragement. Through summer's heat and winter's toil they have drudged uncomplainingly; and so accustomed have their fathers, brothers, and husbands become to their monotonous labors that they look for and upon them as they do to the daily rising of the sun and its daily going down. Happily, every day life may be made beautiful, by an appreciation of its very homeliness. You know that if the floor is clean, manual labor has been performed to make it so. You know that if you can take from your drawer a clean shirt whenever you want it, somebody's fingers have ached in the bill of making it so fresh and agreeable, so smooth and lustrous. Everything that pleases the eye and the sense has been produced by constant work, much thought, great care, and untiring efforts, bodily and mentally.

It is not that many men do not appreciate these things, and feel a glow of gratitude for the numberless attentions bestowed upon them in sickness and in health, but they are so selfish in that feeling. They don't come out with a thank, wife, or, "I am obliged to you for taking so much pains." They thank the tailor for giving them "fits," they thank the man in the full omnibus who gives them a seat; they thank the young lady who moves along in the concert room, in short they thank everybody and everything out of doors, because it is the custom, and come home, tip their chairs back and their heads up, pull out the newspaper, grumble if wife asks them to take the baby; so if the fire has gone down; or, if every thing is just right, shut their mouths with a smack of satisfaction, but never say to her "I thank you."

I tell you what, men; young and old, if you did but an ordinary civility towards those common articles of household keeping, your wives, if you gave the same to the children, the report of the compiler, you almost choked them with before they were married; if you would stop the badinage about whom you are going to have when number one is dead (such things wives may laugh at, but they sink deep sometimes); if you would cease to speak of their faults, however bantering, before others, fewer women would seek for other sources of happiness than your cold, so-soish affections. Praise your wife, then, for all good qualities she has, and you may rest assured that her deficiencies are fully counterbalanced by your own.

Jonathan and his Bride at a Fashionable Hotel.

At one of our fashionable hotels, the other day, among the arrivals was one of the genus verdant—a regular no-mistake Jonathan—with eyes wide open at the novelties he met at every turn. He had brought with him his better-half, a strapping, flaxen-haired lass, bedecked with a profusion of ribbons and cheap jewelry.

They had evidently "come down" to spend the honeymoon, and Jonathan had no doubt "darned the expense."

The first morning after their arrival, the servant was thrown into hysterics by a variant mistake. Jonathan's bell rung furiously, and he demanded to see the landlady. The functionary having made his appearance, he was hailed with—

"How are you—how do you do, old fellow? Me and Patience find all right here—room fixed up first-rate—gives a fellow a high-falootin' feeling; but I say, old boss, we want a wash-bowl and towel, to take off the dust outside—then I'll come down and take a little New England with you."

"Here are all the conveniences for washing, sir," said the landlady, stepping to a mahogany wash sink and raising the lid.

"Gosh all Potomac!" exclaimed our Yankee, "who'd ever thought that there are table's open on the top of that way!"

Nothing further occurred until the hour for breakfast, when the verdant couple were seated at the table, and Jonathan having burnt his throat by drinking his coffee to hot, and attempted to help himself to an omelette with his fingers, finally had his attention attracted to some fish balls, which are, as everybody knows, filled with balls about as large as an ordinary sized apple, and cooked brown.

Having procured the dish that contained them, by means of a servant, he helped himself and partner to one each, and grasping the precious morsel firmly in his hand, Jonathan, opening his capacious jaws, took a bite from his, when suddenly he disgorged the morsel, with an expression of much disappointment, and turning to his bride exclaimed—

"I saw Patience, these doughnuts are nothin' but codfish balls!"

WHICH WAY YOU LAKE.—"How many knives do you suppose live in this street beside yourself?" "Beside myself. Do you mean to insult me?" "Well, then, how many do you reckon, including yourself?"

The Money Troubles—How Job Sass Would Advise the Sufferers to bear them.

United States hotel, Sept. 30—1857.

My dear editor—having wince in Thro the mill myself, & thanks to a marvellous Providence! have come out on't. With a hole skin & no bones broken, I can well afford to counsel them that are now a parish thro the fiery furnace of pecuniary embarrassment. & in order to do this effectually & to the purpose, I will narrate my experience at the Time when I was involved in them to sheets of Norfolk county raleader Stock. I will tell you I adopted when I found the sheers wasn't worth a farthing, & That old farm's gabble about Thro's intricate vally, was a mere picture of a Disordered brain.

well, the Adventur skurred am 6 or Seven years ago, but the Remembrance of it is as fresh & Green on my Mind, as though it was a circumstance Of yesterday, or the day afore at the Farther shore.

I want necessary To state what the precise Sum of Money was Wat I swamped in that ill-starred speculation. I will suffice To say that with the cash I paid down For assessments on tu sheers —my travellin' expenses Back & Forth in Boston, (added To the tavern charges,) I went in, every few Days, to see how the rods was Glittin along—together with The bill of my attorney for legal advice about Suing mister farmur for gittin my 2 hundred dollars under false pretences—I lost Enuf To drive a man, with less narve, as Mud as a March hare.

But To proceed, after ascertainin The exact extent of my misfortune In Attemptin to help farmur build a Raleader thro Norfolk county, I set about to see in wat way I cud soonist rekover myself From The disaster.

First & Foremost, I resolved to kurtail My house-hold Expenses. "deborah," sez I, "you can Take that silk black Dress o' yours, & lay it away 'till The Dawn o' brighter times, it aint no Way konsistent in us, wile bow'd down by this dispensashun o' Providence, to flaunt around in silk & Satins, as if we not His lessons & his warnins at defiance, & rather lafied than kried at this inflickshun." (she was About to make sum sort of reply, but I waded my hand to signally Silence & went on.)

"In The Next place, deborah, it is my wish as How your gossipin visits over there to deakun frigate's Bakum, heretere, more like them of angells, tu wit: few in number and, & far apart. it is my firm belief that if wun 1-2 The time you & sally frigate's Have passed & mis-spent together, a talkin About The Nabors, had ben gin To The dairy, this dispensashun o' Providence, it aint no Way konsistent in us, wile bow'd down by this dispensashun o' Providence, to flaunt around in silk & Satins, as if we not His lessons & his warnins at defiance, & rather lafied than kried at this inflickshun." (she was About to make sum sort of reply, but I waded my hand to signally Silence & went on.)

"In The Next place, deborah, it is my wish as How your gossipin visits over there to deakun frigate's Bakum, heretere, more like them of angells, tu wit: few in number and, & far apart. it is my firm belief that if wun 1-2 The time you & sally frigate's Have passed & mis-spent together, a talkin About The Nabors, had ben gin To The dairy, this dispensashun o' Providence, it aint no Way konsistent in us, wile bow'd down by this dispensashun o' Providence, to flaunt around in silk & Satins, as if we not His lessons & his warnins at defiance, & rather lafied than kried at this inflickshun." (she was About to make sum sort of reply, but I waded my hand to signally Silence & went on.)

"In The Next place, deborah, it is my wish as How your gossipin visits over there to deakun frigate's Bakum, heretere, more like them of angells, tu wit: few in number and, & far apart. it is my firm belief that if wun 1-2 The time you & sally frigate's Have passed & mis-spent together, a talkin About The Nabors, had ben gin To The dairy, this dispensashun o' Providence, it aint no Way konsistent in us, wile bow'd down by this dispensashun o' Providence, to flaunt around in silk & Satins, as if we not His lessons & his warnins at defiance, & rather lafied than kried at this inflickshun." (she was About to make sum sort of reply, but I waded my hand to signally Silence & went on.)

"In The Next place, deborah, it is my wish as How your gossipin visits over there to deakun frigate's Bakum, heretere, more like them of angells, tu wit: few in number and, & far apart. it is my firm belief that if wun 1-2 The time you & sally frigate's Have passed & mis-spent together, a talkin About The Nabors, had ben gin To The dairy, this dispensashun o' Providence, it aint no Way konsistent in us, wile bow'd down by this dispensashun o' Providence, to flaunt around in silk & Satins, as if we not His lessons & his warnins at defiance, & rather lafied than kried at this inflickshun." (she was About to make sum sort of reply, but I waded my hand to signally Silence & went on.)

"In The Next place, deborah, it is my wish as How your gossipin visits over there to deakun frigate's Bakum, heretere, more like them of angells, tu wit: few in number and, & far apart. it is my firm belief that if wun 1-2 The time you & sally frigate's Have passed & mis-spent together, a talkin About The Nabors, had ben gin To The dairy, this dispensashun o' Providence, it aint no Way konsistent in us, wile bow'd down by this dispensashun o' Providence, to flaunt around in silk & Satins, as if we not His lessons & his warnins at defiance, & rather lafied than kried at this inflickshun." (she was About to make sum sort of reply, but I waded my hand to signally Silence & went on.)

"In The Next place, deborah, it is my wish as How your gossipin visits over there to deakun frigate's Bakum, heretere, more like them of angells, tu wit: few in number and, & far apart. it is my firm belief that if wun 1-2 The time you & sally frigate's Have passed & mis-spent together, a talkin About The Nabors, had ben gin To The dairy, this dispensashun o' Providence, it aint no Way konsistent in us, wile bow'd down by this dispensashun o' Providence, to flaunt around in silk & Satins, as if we not His lessons & his warnins at defiance, & rather lafied than kried at this inflickshun." (she was About to make sum sort of reply, but I waded my hand to signally Silence & went on.)

"In The Next place, deborah, it is my wish as How your gossipin visits over there to deakun frigate's Bakum, heretere, more like them of angells, tu wit: few in number and, & far apart. it is my firm belief that if wun 1-2 The time you & sally frigate's Have passed & mis-spent together, a talkin About The Nabors, had ben gin To The dairy, this dispensashun o' Providence, it aint no Way konsistent in us